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TO EDITORS, AND TERMS FOR CLUBS,

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CAPE MAY.

CHAPTER IV.

ONG rings at Columbia House Cape May, as in similar colleges all world over, to awaken dreamers to dinner or devotion, and with same happy effect—chorus of awakening growls, groans and 'get up I say!' heard all along entry through ventilators. RANDOLPH turned out, resplendent toilette, dressed as if getting ready for the Day of Judgment, and expected to be saved by his clothes. Looking over my own trunk found a lot of old dinner bills —*cartes à manger*—from Gramercy Park, Girard and other Houses.

Slipp d 'em into my pocket—don't know why—found out though eventually.

Got down early—find FLINDERS cool as a cloud, ærial as an angel —DE BROOM with her—both fresh, flowing, sparkling in abundant Organdy dresses—dainty as flowers turned upside down with fair young faces for the belle-handles. FLINDERS "don't care for dress;" don't talk about it much, likes fun better—aunt FLINDERS says there's no getting her to go shopping—when ordered to get new duds says "oh well!—get me same as Lucy's." Yet she always looks well dressed; always is, always will be a real *nice* girl. Just so—though her nose and one ear are at present sunburnt red and her hair which rolls back in a curly tangle, falls every morning over a fresh shade of brown laid on her neck the day before.

Talk in the parlor with her while DE BROOM touches piano. Accidentally pulled out old dinner-bills—FLINDERS catches sight, secures them all. Don't know what's up—see it though when we go in to feed. FLINDERS as she passes along lays 'em on peoples' plates.

"Just watch Old DRUMLEAF" quoth FLINDERS. "Keep an eye on him. That venerable hyæna is the misery of all the waiters, and the torment of everybody who sits near him. See how he reads the dinner bill though! We've caught him. Now old gentleman, we'll pay you off—you old nuisance!"

Soon as DRUMLEAF had read bill he began to roar for waiter and gave out orders like sky-rockets.

"Waiter—hu'h!—you're there are you? Let—me—see! Turtle soup—really!—salmon with anchovy sauce, spring chicken with truffles—lamb cutlets *a la printaniere*, *beignets d'anana à la vanille*—mind sir—get me some of all those, and very quickly too, or I'll know the reason why."

DRUMLEAF ordered everything very slowly, very savagely and in very loud voice. Effect on the whole very striking, particularly on those who didn't have old New York bills before them, and who thought that DRUM had either a private dinner of his own to be ostentatiously eaten in public, or that he'd gone crazy. Whatever there was on the Columbia bill, won't say; but *do* remember that it *didn't* contain that day any turtle soup, truffles, spring chicken or pine-apple-fritters *à la vanille*.

When waiter returned and reported the whole lot among the missing DRUM got into fury. Abused servant, abused hotel, sure that disreputable boarders feed the waiters and got all the nice things—sent for landlord. Landlord came—got it hot and heavy. Tried to defend himself—not allowed to. References to past sins of omission. Asked to see bill—had it triumphantly stuck at him. Politely handed it back, suggesting to DRUM that he'd better go to the hotel where the bill came from if he wanted what was on its face. Magnificent tableau and stupendous outburst of laughter. *finale*—DRUM completely, elaborately, munificently *sold* and peace secured at his end of the table for the balance of the season.

FLINDERS behaved pretty well (considering) during rest of dinner until she heard DE BROOM remark "how white the mashed potatoes were." Quietly laid aside a small saucer with some mashed potato until dessert, when she began eating it with spoon. Consequence, a general demand for ice-cream by all who observed the performance, and sorrowful surprise to learn that it wasn't ice-cream day.

Moral—sold again.

After-dinner—six of us, in Jersey wagon drive to Cold Spring over most desolate road ever rolled out. Carry fun with us—RANDOLPH and I got just enough green seal steam on to make desert verdant and cover sands-banks with lilies and roses. Come home, sun down, ride on beach.

Ride on ocean beach at sun set, right into the rising and falling wash of foam gives a new sensation. Subdued music of the waters, grim death surging in the breakers and glaring at you not twenty feet off—blue horizon-edge beyond, quiet as heaven—clouds like sails above, sails like clouds below—wheels rustling in dry sand and running smooth in wet—girl voices calling out and laughing—great white hotel tops with stars and stripes just looking over banks, far in distance; all cool fresh and sea-breezy—not bad to take.

Driver very communicative. Informed us joyfully about lost vessels—once got from a schooner which went ashore as much coffee as lasted his family for most a year, and how "once't most the whole beach was kivered with oranges which was washed up from a rack. Not so good pickings now though as ther use't to be—must go furder up the coast to make anything off racks 'cause the insurers come down to Cape Island so quick and sarched everywher so abstemiously that poor folks hadn't a chanc't to save anything. Had been up the coast when a French ship all a-loaden with silks and wine and brandy had been racked." (Here his head began to work sideways as though the sorrowful joy of memory was fresh oil which made the neck-joints run easy) "The young ladies would have liked to a been ther. Evry gal got great rolls a silkses and velverts and some a the fisherman that didn't know the valyer on the dry goods or didn't keer, made 'emselves breeches and monkey jackets a white and crimson satin. Them was times! Wine an brandy (here he almost cried)—brandy *an* wine!—sarradeens done up in ile—boxes of confectuary—all in mid-winter and nary soul saved. Them was times!"

He drove along for ten minutes without speaking and suddenly broke out with:

"My father drunk 'leven bottles a champaign 'thout gittin' up from the basket wher it wus washed ashore. I hauled the old man above tide-mark and tuck the last bottle for myself. I've kep that bottle now for seven years. Folks sez old wine's the best. I 'spect that champagne's a gittin fust rate."

Home again. Hop in the evening. Cape May famous for hops. First symptom; while sitting at dinner a paper makes its appearance; everybody signs names in lead pencil; do likewise. When you go away find dollar charged for every such signature. Tea hurried through—tremendous rattling of tables and chairs, broom-handles and heels in dining-room. Hurry, bang, scrape—getting ready for "hop." Lights make appearance—band of music which plays at dinner, ditto. Ladies all ask one another "are you going to the hop?" and all answer "I shall just look in for a few minutes." Strange faces from other hotels begin to appear about our porticoes and in our parlor. Gentlemen and ladies in various stages of peacockery and full dressedness are also made manifest—room hot as Tophet, 90 deg.—flunkies in mid-winter black, bricks about as cool as usual.

Floor manager in a "mixed society" American-watering-place-hop if he minds his business has a hard row to hoe—especially between Philadelphia and Charleston S. C. Musn't introduce that immoral VANDAM SWEARINGEN to MISS PIETY PEPPERAL, must be very careful not to present LEMUEL LOFLUNG to ANASTASIA HIGHFLYER. Will give mortal offense to whole house if he ignorantly or carelessly brings outsider inside tangles of any of the thousand delicate lines which form the fringe-garment of society. Must cheer up wall flowers and flatter belle flowers, send iced water to old ladies and speak to everybody. Must be like PADDY'S shillalagh "all over orranamintel *and* useful."

Groups of non-subscribers to hop—generally wealthy and independent economists—sit in groups at each window, looking inside, criticising the dancers savagely. Always observed that those who have no business with anything are hardest to please with it. Exception to the rule, the windows populated by cullud pussons who are always frantically delighted, deeply interested and who on the whole get about ten times as much pleasure in seeing Missus with

er fine clothes on, as Missus does in wearing them. Have always observed that parties with nigger waiters and black orchestra are gallier than those served up in white—'cause why—the unfortunate down-trodden, abused 'men and bothers are often so uncommonly delighted on such occasions as to electrify their superiors with a few of the same sparks.

Danced with CATALPA—last time I saw her on the light fantastic as when her father was Minister to the Court of Saufuendfress—ng time ago. Saw her but a moment, methinks I see her now in those marble halls with nobles and such by her si-i-ide. The polka as young then—so was the CATALPA—and she was polking with ie GRAF VON BLITZENSCHLOG as people polked in eighteen-hundred nd forty-five with all the bobtail airs and tip and sifter graces. ou have forgotten it now, Madame; you would'nt believe it I dare y if I could scare up a magic mirror and show you how you danced that early age. But you remember, don't you, when all New ork a few years later, (and especially all Newport) danced the olka *a la cancan*, raving-distractedly? Surely you hav'nt forgotten hat—it was some time before you got your first set of hoops! Well -ten years hence you will just as soon own to having ever danced the polka in its secondary form of the Newport *cancan* as you now do to having practised it in the primary stage. Oh the jolly olden ime!

"*Qui vult dancere nunc modo;*
Wants to dance in the fashion oh
Debet discere, ought to know
Kichere floor *cum* heel and toe

"*Polkam jungere Virgo vis?*
Will you dance the Polka Miss?
Liberius—most willingly
Sic agimus—then let us try

"*Nunc cito læva, tunc dextra*
Head to the left then t'other way
Aspice retro in vultu
You look at her and she looks at you."

I remember too when CATALPA—she was wild then—went wit er cousin KATE and WASH. BAYLER. (folks used to think she was ngaged to him) in domino—or *in diabolo*—to the masked ball of he Grand Opera in Paris. And I remember how in the Unholy and her party was robbed by Arabs and CATALPA was missing for three weeks—and finally turned up all right as the guest of SHEKH'

A RETIRED JERSEY WRECKER.

EFFENDI HARDCASE ABD'ULLAH—a very gentlemanly man who eventually died of an attack of cheese-knife through the heart in consequence of a horse-difficulty with a nomadic neighbor. All these souvenirs do I carefully ventilate with the Queenly CATALPA—brushing featherishly as we flit along—touching lightly on many a dimmer and darker experience and bit of knowledge. Good fellows and merry dames, long in their graves or scattered far and wide, come up again. We relight old ball rooms, see old suppers and loves and carnivals—back—back—to college days and boarding-school-girl-hood—

"And *you* are still beautiful—never half so charming!"

It bolted out from me in spite of myself. It was a blundering compliment for it said—you are passing away! But CATALPA took it very well—so well as to show real feeling.

"Yes—but there are so few—so very few years left. Well, good—*Wir haben gelebt und geliebet.* And when I know that the last blossoms are faded—"

"And then?"

"Oh then *amigo* for a good brave hand to press mine and a good true heart, as tired of life as I shall be; who will float with me on the misty wings of quarter of an ounce of strong, fresh hydrocyanic acid, out into death. I do love the smell of almonds dearly. They're like orange-flowers—there's a faint euthanasia in their very *idea*. I know how to make the magic draught too; old GMELIN in HEIDELBERG and ORFILA both showed me how—a little on the pu se, a little inhaled—

"Give me to-day the rosy bowl
Give me the golden gleam
To-morrow kick away the stool
And dangle from the beam!"

And she is in earnest—this dear CATALPA! Between her accomplished mind and that of FLINDERS lies a gulf which will no be bridged in time or in eternity.

The whole of this colloquy did not come off in the hop. The glorious finale was confided to me one sunny afternoon by CATALPA while sitting by my side in the harbor, over the bath houses, and under the dead oak-leaves. Behind us the town, before us the sea and the strand. Twenty or thirty feet further down were four children digging in the sand, making a house. Captain FLINDERS earnestly and actively superintending the excavations, with a large clam-shell in one hand, a wooden paddle made of a shingle in the other. The bow on her neck was knocked up to one side, "tipsy fashion," there was a diminutive smutch of wet sand on one cheek, half her curls had burst loose, and just seventeen fresh musquito bites were distinctly visible on her sunburnt face, while on neck and hands they were legion. In vain had I bathed those small swollen hands with hartshorn, and applied salæratus to the stung neck—alas! as Aunt FLINDERS said "EOLINE *would* keep rubbing the bites so!"—and so the bites got no better, and EOLINE CATHERINE WHEEL kept rushing about, defying sun and sand, and the entire entomology of New Jersey.

CATALPA's carriage comes along the beach with splendid grays. Countess CATALPA of Gramercy Square in no humor to ride—asks FLINDERS if she cares to. "Oh thank you! *thank you*, Miss CATALPA—you're *so* kind"—and then with a little hesitation—"Please Ma'am may I take the children?" "Certainly, my dear." And Captain FLINDERS bundles the children in, sand-shovels, and all, kissing the last wee little tot—about the size of a pepper box, as she lifts it up—and drives off in glory up to Poverty Beach, with a gay hurrah! Away in the setting sunshine goes the broad hat and fluttering ribbons and the glad voices. Happy? yes indeed!

When we come to the hotel an hour later there is another tableau. A wandering hand-organist stands by the piazza, grinding out a Bohemian waltz, while on the timber the four children are quadrilling at a grand rate, FLINDERS acting as dancing-master, and occasionally taking a turn with a confused pupil—the pleased spectators, consisting of four nurses, divers juveniles, and the perpetual German basket-seller.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" cries FLINDERS to LUCY DE BROOM. "For I hav'nt a penny of money, my dear, to pay for the music, and I've kept the poor things dancing till they're ready to drop. We've been having a ball on credit." So DE BROOM pays the piper—who ever knew FLINDERS to keep money or anything which could be spent, given away, torn or worn out? Where does it go? Where are the snows of last winter, what becomes of all the pins?

Part of the regular programme at Cape May, Atlantic, and so on, to buy work-baskets of German pedlers and Indians. Friends give 'em to one another—take 'em home for gifts. So we plunge in, a-work-basketing. CATALPA secures the great one in duck-shape, I get the two best fish for crochet-work and give them to girls. FLINDERS hunts up Pa and returns with wonderfully recruited treasury—and is sorely amazed to hear CATALPA talking German.

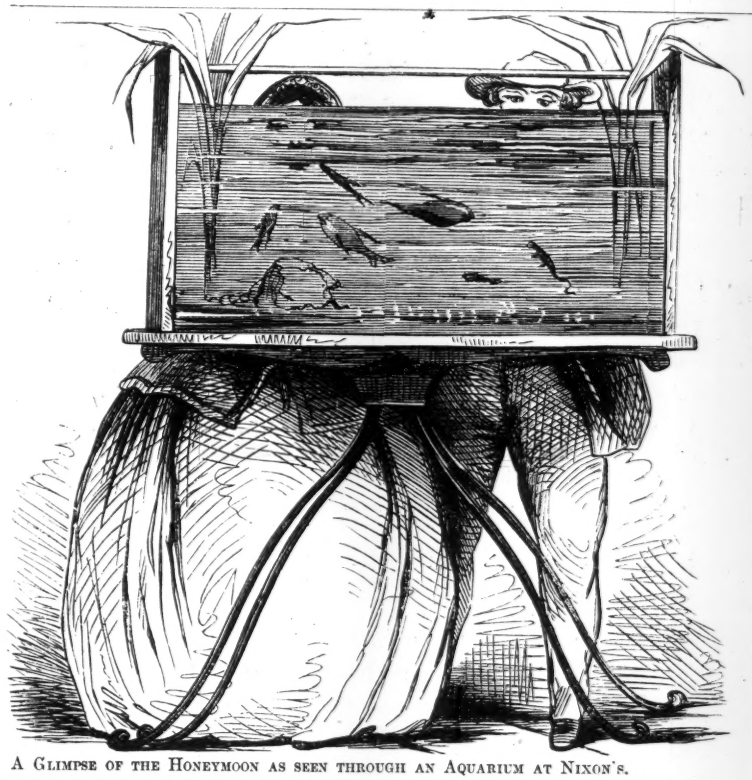
The pedler has a beautiful little vinaigrette or flacon, cased in fine basket network. I buy it quietly and hand it to CATALPA, saying:

"It was in very much such a flask that FRANCESCO DI CARRARA gave his perfumes. There is one still somewhere in a museum in Genoa."

"Thank you. When I look at it I shall think of the giver in connection with FRANCESCO."

"Madonna BORGIA—you do me honor!"

Woo-rah-oo-rooh! goes the gong, rush come the boarders! Go in ye hungry sinners—I am with you. This is our last evening at Cape May—to-morrow to new shores where breakers bound.



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We are so much pleased, that we don't know what to do. We are proud. We look around us with a great joy, for everywhere we see the power we exert—the shining result of our unremitting and indefatigable labors. Briefly, we have humorized the entire American press. The consequence is a large crop of what the bills of a concert-saloon in Broadway neatly term "Indigenous Jocularity." Yes; every newspaper in the land, daily, weekly, semi-weekly, or tri-weekly; literary, commercial, religious, or sensational; old-fashioned, enterprising, Sunday, or respectable; every one, in short, has had an attack of wittiness that is truly wonderful, coming, as it does, in serious columns, from stern-nibbed pens, all unused to punning.

Who can tell how much we have benefitted the world, by thus setting our journalistic brothers an example, which they have taken, it is true, only of late, but as naturally and as easily as the late seal up at NIXON'S took to raw fish? We must give a few specimens of the humor which just now overflows from the press at large, and we will warrant them perfectly harmless. They may be read even by children, without deleterious effect.

A man on the Albany *Flag* has constructed a jest, intended to be considered severe. By carefully examining the last line, it will be found very mirthful:

Why is the editor of the Louisville *Journal's* career through life, like a celebrated tune? Because it is the Rogue's March.

This is the first time we ever heard of the *Flag*, but we fear it won't be the last. All we ask of the man is, that if he does pitch into us for this notice, he won't do so in conundrum form.

Of course, PRENTICE, of the Louisville *Journal*, could not let such a chance slip. We are sorry that we cannot claim him as one of our disciples, but we cannot. He has long been notorious as a jocose person, having commenced very early in life, with a book full of such jokes as this:

An exchange announces the marriage of a MISS FLINT, to a MR. LOCK. This is what we should call a *flint-lock!*

Mind, reader, we don't say that PRENTICE did that, actually, but it is dreadfully like his style. Here is his reply to the man on the *Flag*—a Roland exhumed for the Oliver of that unhappy person:

Why will the editor of the *Flag*, at the close of his career through life be like a tune of PAGANINI'S? Because he will be executed on a single string.

There are jokes and jokes, but nothing finer than this, unless it is that cheerful conundrum of the same age, about doors not being doors when they are ajar, etc. Really, it is too funny! Single string! O, ho ho! Ah, ha ha! Funny dorg, that PRENTICE? He writes for IT!

Our nicest children in the joking way are the daily papers of this city. Fired by our example and stimulated by our success, they leap into a wildly effulgent mirth, and become fearfully gleeful about all sorts of solemn subjects. They don't seem quite to have got the hang of it yet, and some of their jokes sound strangely familiar, but practice makes perfect. This is the kind in which th dear old *Times*—gentle and virtuous organ, of ancient ideas or none—indulges:

As the editor of a Cincinnati paper was playing with that pretty little plaything so much used out West, a revolver, it "revolved," and sent the bullet in very unpleasant proximity to his head. A slight depression of the muzzle of the pistol, and the editorial matter in that office would have been very materially leaded.

Playful, isn't it? Playful as the Park fountain! Isn't it nice to know that VANITY FAIR has set such balls rolling? O, dear, yes!

The *Herald* is rarely behind its cotemporaries in other things, so it doesn't seem likely that it would be behind time on this occasion. How does this sound, for a beginning? The subject was a projected cock-fight:

". . . . the approaching affair, which, though a foul one, will be distinguished, undoubtedly, by fair play."

If the young man who did that will come around to our office, we will make him a present of a complete edition of the works of JOSEPH MILLER, Esq., deceased. We fear that the pun on "fowl" and "foul" is not strictly original with the *Herald*. We think we have heard it several times before, in fact, and can swear that the Albany *Argus* got it off before the *Herald* man did. Here it is, with quite a nest of others, all nearly as good, and not a very great deal older:

Senator SUMNER has had his head mended, but not his manners. His last speech is the very essence of ruffianism of the tongue—coarse, vituperative and false. It proves that the man who is a *cow*-ard in acts is generally a *bull*-y in words, and that he who is *chicken*-hearted has naturally a *foul* tongue.

By strict attention to the italicized words, the jokes may be easily detected. They are very funny now, those Albany folks. Then there's the Boston *Post*; that didn't do much in the humorous way, formerly. Look at it now! It is fairly encrusted with jokes, and here is one we have scaled off:

There is no telling when the legislature will rise—it will *set*, probably, until it *hatches* mischief enough to last through the autumn.

Not so powerful, perhaps, as the *Argus*, but very fair, after all, for Boston. The *Post* will be one of the most brilliant of all our imitators, if it keeps on, and perhaps our favorite.

But our best-beloved now, at this present writing—our own dear little pet, among those who meekly follow in our jocose footsteps—is the *World*. The pious fossil of that name has jokes in it! Well, why not? The World is only a sort of VANITY FAIR! This cheerful antique had a letter from Paris, the other day, wherein a charitable fancy fair was described. One of the attractions was a lucky-bag, or lottery of some kind, and the hilarious correspondent tells this side-splitter about it:

We knew a young lady who drew a cigar. Was she up to *snuff*, or did she take it at a *pinch?*

It is suspected that JAPHET made all the puns about tobacco that could be made, in the ark, one rainy Sunday, and that his brother SHEM took possession of them for publication. Doubtless, he sent these to the *World*, as soon as he got on shore. The paper must have been just about acquiring its tone at that era.

It is a pretty strong opposition to stand—the whole press against VANITY FAIR—but we can afford to say, "Go, little jokers! There is room enough on earth for you and for us also!" It is good to laugh heartily. Fun is wholesome, and makes people fat. We look forward with great hope, to the time when all our disciples shall equal ourself, but we confess that now, when we try to read the once staid and respectable papers, we are forced to cry, with pretty KATIE BATEMAN in "EVANGELINE."

"Such mirth is terrible?"

Con. by a Hibernian.

Why is the most valuable domestic animal like a Blacksmith? 'Cause he's a *Horse shure*.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES.

HIS expensive institution is already seasick on the broad Atlantic, not having had the fortune to be got ready in time to come over by the Great Eastern. It is generally supposed that the Prince is travelling *incog*—*i. e.* all done up in a bundle or basket, and carefully hidden from daylight in any of its varied aspects. This incog. system is to the Japanese Naboen (?) what the waistcoat is to the trowsers; the button to the button-hole, the hat to the head, sugar to tea, and Alderman BOOLE to a man smally supplied with the esteem of his fellow citizens, in fact a thing to match.

The Prince, if he comes in a bundle or incog, will be directed as the Baron RENFREW SIMPLY—mark that SIMPLY, it is a little responsibility belonging to the *Herald*. He is called ALBERT EDWARD, and has no sirname, such as BOOLE, ENRIGHT, B. and so on. He is Prince of Wales by patent, because his mother had him patented at his birth as being the genuine original institution, and solely intended for her use. Patents were also taken out for him as Earl of Chester and Earl of Dublin—a city in Ireland. Then he is Duke of Cornwall, spoken of in Jack the Giant-Killer, of Roth-ay and of Saxony, besides being Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Lord of the Isles, Pet of His Ma, Earl of Conrick, Baron of Renfrew and Great Steward of Scotland. From the latter title it is argued that he is a bit of a diner and winer, and probably has a weakness for cakes and haggis.

This constantly increasing catalogue of titles is not so peculiar to his royal Highness, as may at first be supposed. In this deply civilized community we discover many a man and woman whose crest is a compound of *aliases*. For example, his Honor the Argus, has been at different times known as the Broker's Boy, the Journeyman Cigar-Maker, the Lawyer, the Speculator, the Senator, the Brother of the Lottery Man, the Marvin Man, the Determined, the Chameleon, the Proprietor of Mozart Hall. and "His Excellency." ABE LINCOLN has, from time to time, been recognised under such cognomens as the Rail Splitter, the Flat Boatman, and Honest Old ABE. Among Vth Avenues the thing is very popular; not unfrequently do we find that the accomplished Madame MARCORTÉ was formerly BRIDGET MCCARTY of Mulberry-street; the Misses ORREILLÉES were once MIKE O'REILLY'S Girls; the Inventor of Sarsaparilla becomes Doctor So-AND-So; the ex-restaurant keeper is WILLIAM FITZWILLIAM DE BRUN, Esq.

A fellow feeling will be apt to make such people wondrous kind to the Incog. Just fancy his flirting with MISS SWEETPEAS, whose pa is owner of a livery stable in the next block! How she will astonish the Incog. with recitals of her equestrian feats! Bloomingdale Road, Harlem Lane on Sundays, Burnham's, Snediker's, Tillietudlem, 2. 30, Sherry cobblers, covered with dust, horses one sheet of foam, g'long! hi! ya! and soforth. The Incog. will form an opinion of the SWEETPEASES, very likely. We fear it will be an English opinion, though.

But—ah! let us approach the subject reverentially! how the Boston Mouth is watering for the smallest sip in life of the Wee Baron! Oh! Oh! Boston smooths her hair, adjusts her trinkets, looks into the mirror over the left shoulder, looks into the mirror over the right shoulder, gazes into the mirror vis à vis, pronounces herself perfect, and flies to the hall-door, ready to meet him when he shall be ready to appear.

She looks and longs, she seats herself on the front stoop, she peruses the *Atlantic Monthly*, she salutes Mr. EVERETT, author of the Mount Vernon Papers, who is airing himself on the Common, and shows him to Baby, she grows impatient at the Incog's delay and feels inwardly bad to a degree.

He will visit New York, but whether he will visit Boston is a question. May be he will, for a reason; may be he will not for a reason.

Who knows? Not Boston.

There is something wondrous sad in the position of Boston whenever any opportunity for toadying is given to our people. Boston doats on toadying, yet not one toadied out of twenty offers to stand her blandishments. They seem loath to being welcomed by the Bostonian Mouth-piece, Mr. EVERETT, A. O. T. M. V. P. They tremble at the thought of the vast array of physical women that would turn out *en masse* to greet them. All this is bad for Boston, bad for her trade, bad for her temper, bad for her health. We hope the Incog. will allow himself to be influenced to a degree. If he cannot make up his mind to cross the Back Bay, he may at least go as far as Roxbury and view the triple hillocks at a distance. It would be something for Boston to brag about.

PRIZES FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We must not be behindhand in our business arrangemants. Everything that is new, we intend to bring to bear on that point. We hear of people making their millions in gift book enterprises, the successful ones gathering fame, honor and wealth, and the unsuccessful reaping the State prison. We look with admiration on newspapers built up by a magnificent allotment of prizes, covering more value than the entire circulation, and we are ambitious of emulating such a noble example. To this end we have been looking for months, but without a successful or brilliant idea. We have offered large bounties, sundry Vs, Xs, etc., with baskets of wine and Delmonico dinners for a simple idea, by which we should be enabled to Bonnerize all creation, and keep our seventeen HOE'S presses running night and day. And yet strange to say, we have not had the article offered. All great ideas are born in an instant, not nursed out gradually. It has been so with us. While the brains of our three hundred contributors and editors, our seven hundred and thirty-three conpositors and pressmen, to say nothing of the office boy, were violently agitated, the great end was reached by the original Four Cent Man, who, in gratitude for our unflinching friendship in publishing his correspondence without mutilation, rushed into our office with the following paragraph cut from the *Tribune:*

"The United States Express Company received by their express yesterday morning two genuine rails, split by honest ABE LINCOLN thirty years ago, directed to a prominent citizen of this city."

With the prescience of genius, we saw in a moment as our business contributor has it the "the money that was behind it," and without a moment's delay we started a private express immediately for the locality of the remaining rails. Before this goes to press, our special rail correspondent will have secured all the lot, irrespective of quantity or quality. With this brilliant prospect before us, we issue the following prospectus:

GREAT CHANCE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE RAIL PAPER!

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The publishers of this paper having, with immense genius and herculean endeavor, secured the entire agency of the genuine LINCOLN rails, offer them only to subscribers on the following terms:

Each one remitting the sum of $3, will have forwarded to him a square inch of the real rail sufficiently large to manufacture a ring, or such other ornament as will, if prominently worn, entitle the holder in the event of the election of LINCOLN and HAMLIN, to any small local office, as postmaster, custom house officer, or deputy marshal.

Each person remitting enough cash for five subscriptions, shall receive a cube containing the exact square of the rail by mathematical computation. This will certainly ensure a consulship, or a place in the war or treasury department.

Each person subscribing for ten copies, shall have a chunk not less than twelve inches in length, with a glass shade elegantly fitted for the parlor mantel. This will be a certain warrant for a collectorship of customs in a first class city, a postmaster's berth where the funds are only enquired after once in five years, or such other office as the importance of the man shall demand.

The remission of sufficient to cover one hundred subscriptions, will test our resources to the utmost. For this we will forward one rail, free from flaw or blemish. Its proper use at ward or county meetings, and suitable deification, will be a passport to any office in the gift of the new administration. The Cabinet will be open to its possessor, or a foreign mission, but should his taste run the other way, and wealth be the summit of his ambition, he can have the contract for printing, without being obliged to share.

We trust that our liberal schedule will meet with public approbation. All remittances, if registered, will be at our own risk. Address publishers VANITY FAIR, New-York.

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The Prince, if he comes in a bundle or incog, will be directed as the Baron RENFREW SIMPLY—mark that SIMPLY, it is a little responsibility belonging to the *Herald*. He is called ALBERT EDWARD, and has no sirname, such as BOOLE, ENRIGHT, B. and so on. He is Prince of Wales by patent, because his mother had him patented at his birth as being the genuine original institution, and solely intended for her use. Patents were also taken out for him as Earl of Chester and Earl of Dublin—a city in Ireland. Then he is Duke of Cornwall, spoken of in Jack the Giant-Killer, of Roth-ay and of Saxony, besides being Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Lord of the Isles, Pet of His Ma, Earl of Conrick, Baron of Renfrew and Great Steward of Scotland. From the latter title it is argued that he is a bit of a diner and winer, and probably has a weakness for cakes and haggis.

This constantly increasing catalogue of titles is not so peculiar to his royal Highness, as may at first be supposed. In this deply civilized community we discover many a man and woman whose crest is a compound of *aliases*. For example, his Honor the Argus, has been at different times known as the Broker's Boy, the Journeyman Cigar-Maker, the Lawyer, the Speculator, the Senator, the Brother of the Lottery Man, the Marvin Man, the Determined, the Chameleon, the Proprietor of Mozart Hall. and "His Excellency." ABE LINCOLN has, from time to time, been recognised under such cognomens as the Rail Splitter, the Flat Boatman, and Honest Old ABE. Among Vth Avenues the thing is very popular; not unfrequently do we find that the accomplished Madame MARCORTÉ was formerly BRIDGET MCCARTY of Mulberry-street; the Misses ORREILLÉES were once MIKE O'REILLY'S Girls; the Inventor of Sarsaparilla becomes Doctor So-AND-So; the ex-restaurant keeper is WILLIAM FITZWILLIAM DE BRUN, Esq.

A fellow feeling will be apt to make such people wondrous kind to the Incog. Just fancy his flirting with Miss SWEETPEAS, whose pa is owner of a livery stable in the next block! How she will astonish the Incog. with recitals of her equestrian feats! Bloomingdale Road, Harlem Lane on Sundays, Burnham's, Snediker's, Tillietudlem, 2. 30, Sherry cobblers, covered with dust, horses one sheet of foam, g'long! hi! ya! and soforth. The Incog. will form an opinion of the SWEETPEASES, very likely. We fear it will be an English opinion, though.

But—ah! let us approach the subject reverentially! how the Boston Mouth is watering for the smallest sip in life of the Wee Baron! Oh! Oh! Boston smooths her hair, adjusts her trinkets, looks into the mirror over the left shoulder, looks into the mirror over the right shoulder, gazes into the mirror vis à vis, pronounces herself perfect, and flies to the hall-door, ready to meet him when he shall be ready to appear.

She looks and longs, she seats herself on the front stoop, she peruses the *Atlantic Monthly*, she salutes Mr. EVERETT, author of the Mount Vernon Papers, who is airing himself on the Common, and shows him to Baby, she grows impatient at the Incog's delay and feels inwardly bad to a degree.

He will visit New York, but whether he will visit Boston is a question. May be he will, for a reason; may be he will not for a reason.

Who knows? Not Boston.

There is something wondrous sad in the position of Boston whenever any opportunity for toadying is given to our people. Boston doats on toadying, yet not one toadied out of twenty offers to stand her blandishments. They seem loath to being welcomed by the Bostonian Mouth-piece, Mr. EVERETT, A. O. T. M. V. P. They tremble at the thought of the vast array of physical women that would turn out *en masse* to greet them. All this is bad for Boston, bad for her trade, bad for her temper, bad for her health. We hope the Incog. will allow himself to be influenced to a degree. If he cannot make up his mind to cross the Back Bay, he may at least go as far as Roxbury and view the triple hillocks at a distance. It would be something for Boston to brag about.

PRIZES FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We must not be behindhand in our business arrangemants. Everything that is new, we intend to bring to bear on that point. We hear of people making their millions in gift book enterprises, the successful ones gathering fame, honor and wealth, and the unsuccessful reaping the State prison. We look with admiration on newspapers built up by a magnificent allotment of prizes, covering more value than the entire circulation, and we are ambitious of emulating such a noble example. To this end we have been looking for months, but without a successful or brilliant idea. We have offered large bounties, sundry Vs, Xs, etc., with baskets of wine and Delmonico dinners for a simple idea, by which we should be enabled to Bonnerize all creation, and keep our seventeen Hoe's presses running night and day. And yet strange to say, we have not had the article offered. All great ideas are born in an instant, not nursed out gradually. It has been so with us. While the brains of our three hundred contributors and editors, our seven hundred and thirty-three conpositors and pressmen, to say nothing of the office boy, were violently agitated, the great end was reached by the original Four Cent Man, who, in gratitude for our unflinching friendship in publishing his correspondence without mutilation, rushed into our office with the following paragraph cut from the *Tribune:*

"The United States Express Company received by their express yesterday morning two genuine rails, split by honest ABE LINCOLN thirty years ago, directed to a prominent citizen of this city."

With the prescience of genius, we saw in a moment as our business contributor has it the "the money that was behind it," and without a moment's delay we started a private express immediately for the locality of the remaining rails. Before this goes to press, our special rail correspondent will have secured all the lot, irrespective of quantity or quality. With this brilliant prospect before us, we issue the following prospectus:

GREAT CHANCE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE RAIL PAPER!

THE RAIL PAPER!!

THE RAIL PAPER!!!

The publishers of this paper having, with immense genius and herculean endeavor, secured the entire agency of the genuine LINCOLN rails, offer them only to subscribers on the following terms:

Each one remitting the sum of $3, will have forwarded to him a square inch of the real rail sufficiently large to manufacture a ring, or such other ornament as will, if prominently worn, entitle the holder in the event of the election of LINCOLN and HAMLIN, to any small local office, as postmaster, custom house officer, or deputy marshal.

Each person remitting enough cash for five subscriptions, shall receive a cube containing the exact square of the rail by mathematical computation. This will certainly ensure a consulship, or a place in the war or treasury department.

Each person subscribing for ten copies, shall have a chunk not less than twelve inches in length, with a glass shade elegantly fitted for the parlor mantel. This will be a certain warrant for a collectorship of customs in a first class city, a postmaster's berth where the funds are only enquired after once in five years, or such other office as the importance of the man shall demand.

The remission of sufficient to cover one hundred subscriptions, will test our resources to the utmost. For this we will forward one rail, free from flaw or blemish. Its proper use at ward or county meetings, and suitable deification, will be a passport to any office in the gift of the new administration. The Cabinet will be open to its possessor, or a foreign mission, but should his taste run the other way, and wealth be the summit of his ambition, he can have the contract for printing, without being obliged to share.

We trust that our liberal schedule will meet with public approbation. All remittances, if registered, will be at our own risk. Address publishers VANITY FAIR, New-York.

THE CHASE OF THE BOUNDING RUSTIC.

The *Herald* of 6th inst., contained the following:

BROILED CHICKENS.—HOW ARE VEGETABLES? FOURTH OF JULY.

On reading it we at once concluded that it would not be a bad idea to send our artist to the spot, with orders to take sketches of BROILED CHICKENS, and his Peorian friends VEGETABLES, and the well-known FOURTH OF JULY. He executed the commission, and below is given the satisfactory result.

1. "FOURTH OF JULY" HANDING IN HIS "PERUSAL."

2. "BROILED CHICKENS" HEARS FROM HIS FRIENDS "FOURTH OF JULY."

3. THE ARRIVAL OF "VEGETABLES."

4. "VEGETABLES" HUNTED DOWN.

A Necessary Precaution.

In these Out-of-Town Months our citizens are so utterly unprotected from the desperate burglars who do then abound that we recommend every father of a family, to sleep with a pistol under his pillow, that, in case of attack, he may at least offer some resistence, and so, until arrival of the po—— no, not the police, the neighbors, have the satisfaction of keeping the "coves" at Bay.

THE MODERN PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

THE WALL by - - - J. B—CH—N. PYRAMUS by - - - S. A. D—GL—S. THISBE by - - J. C. B-CK-D

Pyramus.—O, WICKED WALL, THROUGH WHOM I SEE NO BLISS.

[*Midsummer Night's Dream.* ACT 5, SCENE 1ST.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Man About Town.

FOUND in the crowded haunts of the great cities, a singular fact in connection with this creature is that it is never encountered in the country. Naturalists have vainly endeavored to account for this, but it is commonly believed that it cannot abide the simplicity, the freshness, and the quiet of natural scenes, being in constant need of the noisy encouragement of crowds. It is supposed that this fondness for the Town gave rise to the name it bears. This, however, is only a supposition.

In appearance the Man About Town bears a not very remote resemblance to the noble human form, in which, some savans think, it was originally created. Its features, however, are expressive of no true human purpose, or sanctified human suffering, or noble human sympathy. Sometimes a blank vacuity is in them; often, an intelligence that rises not above the level of brute selfish possession; often again, a fixed hurtfulness, a cunning wickedness, swaddled in favorable and gracious smiles, a carelesss of all consequences but those of the now. The garb is a curious burlesque upon the simple dignity of an intelligent being's attire. It is brawling in pattern, obstreperous in color; it embodies all that is most obnoxious in the prevailing human fashions; it suggests, without ever realizing a fit. The creature has a passion for gaudy adornments, and loves heavy pieces of shining metal to dangle about its person. It often caricatures the ape—the only animal that has ever succeeded in this great feat. To defeat the blessed design of Heaven it not seldom looks through an eye-glass; created with vigor in its limbs, it carries a cane.

The most mysterious attribute of the Man About Town is its ubiquity. It has no particular place; may be found anywhere, almost always. Now it is encountered shuffling along the thronged sidewalk, casting moist glances at every woman, and settling a lofty scorn upon every unknown man it meets, drowning its voice in the roar of industry and folly; now attitudinizing languidly on the hotel-steps, sucking its teeth, or twisting the hair that hangs about its face, at the same time having a bit of innocent sport with old beggars, and astonishing the people from Peoria and other wild and uncultivated places, by a display of reckless familiarity with organ-girls; now at the free lunch, making up for the accidental loss of breakfast, and looking out for the "angel unawares" that bar-rooms sometimes entertain; now on the road, behind a horse whose worn ribs the foam conceals, doing the best of livery speed, on a magnificent promise to the proprietor; now at the theatre, now somewhere else we will not mention.

The favorite food of the Man About Town is Time. This it consumes in great quantities, first killing it. Its appetite is insatiable and will not be appeased with the honest hours of leisure and recreation. It craves the hours that are brightest with hope, the hours that are most golden with promise, the hours that are most solemn with duty.

No useful purpose can be conceived in this animal creation. It gladdens with no song of promise, it enhances the value of the vital heritage with no generous contribution. Unable to assign any better reason for its existence, naturalists have decided that the purpose of Providence in allowing it a place in the scale of being was that it might serve as a melancholy warning, and thus we hope fulfilling the divine design it may meet with its reward.

THOUVENEL.

Of all the "splendid names" that have had their rise within the past year or two, that of Thouvenel seems to me the greatest. A smooth, good-looking name, easy to pronounce (*Toovenel*) and sweet under the tongue. The gentleman who bears it is sublime, and like most sublimites, a mystery. He is a lofty and enormous person—a man of power and wisdom.

He understands the Italian question!

He writes "letters of instruction" to Count Cavour!

He speaks of the Government of France, as "We!"

He has received the Morocco Embassy to France, headed by the Chief Embassador Hadj-Driz-Ben-Driz—a sort of colored Simme-Boojsen!

Ah, who would not be Thouvenel!

His long documents on the European imbroglio generally and the Italian difficulty particularly, are the most profound and incomprehensive writings we have ever read, not even excepting the *Herald* leaders on foreign affairs. We reverence the man who can write so much and so inexplicably on that copious and sphynx-like subject. We admire Stephen H. Branch; we appreciate the Sunday editors; we do not dislike Banks' political speeches, nor the novels of Herman Melville, but we adore Thouvenel. Long may he wave!

HE SHOULD BE AN ACTOR.

Dr. Bellows' Prayers.—The Cincinnati Daily *News*, in an editorial which has for its text a recent sermon delivered by Dr. Bellows, in that city, says of the prayer which preceeded it:

"Dr. Bellows is a cultivated elocutionist. His opening prayer at the evening service on Sunday was a finished and artistic piece of execution. It has often occurred to us that our preachers might vastly increase their power over their hearers by taking lessons of elocution from the theatre, providing it could be done without ruining their standing in the church, which of course can not be done in this city, especially if they should happen to sit in the pit with boatmen and common people. But actors of fame might have improved their art by taking a lesson from Dr. Bellows' execution of that prayer."—*World*.

Look at that now! copied into the *World*—the organ of the Fulton-steet Daily Prayer Meeting! Organ of Mr. and Mrs. Pecksniff and the youthful Pecksniffs! Organ of Sabbatarian committees! Organ whose chiefest piety consists in not advertising theatrical performances! Organ that ignores Shakespere and Boucicault, McKean and Forrest, Siddons and Cushman, Tom Taylor and Brougham, Macready, and Lester Wallack, Charles Mathews, and Jefferson, Madame Vestris and Laura Keene, Scribe and Mort. Thompson, Planche and O'Brien! Oh! oh! Positively we must exclaim once more, oh! oh! For shame! Fie! Out upon it! Ugh! Take it away! Cover it up! Stop its noise! Do!

Now what has the *World* got to say for itself, Eh? What is the difference between admiring the elocution of a prayer and the elocution of "To be or not to be," "Lay on Macduff," or "Cruiskeen Lan"? we would like to know. Does the *World* dare to use so potent a weapon of Satan as theatrical attitudes and gesture, when pouring forth a heartfelt prayer to Heaven? Would the effect of the prayer be heightened above? But then, after all, there are sour grapes on the vine, for of course a clergyman's standing in the Church would be ruined, at least so far as city congregations are concerned, were he to attend a theatre for the purpose of perfecting his oratory. So it can't be did, as the critic says.

After sitting alongside of boatmen, newsboys and peanut venders, his odor of sanctity would be impaired and the whole face of his moral nature, as we once heard an earnest preacher say, "irretrievably smashed." One sitting in a pit would damage his character more than riding a dozen times in an omnibus beside genteel gamblers, unblushing women, and white-headed Wall-street swindlers, wouldn't it?

The shining lights of his parish would raise 'Old Ned' if he (Dr. B.) were to meet them at Niblo's or Laura Keene's. They are all privileged to partake of the vanities and follies of this world, while he is not, even though he were to do it piously, *à la* Aminadab Sleek.

But, fastidious reader, please mark the closing sentence of the paragraph quoted. "But actors of fame might have improved their art by taking a lesson from Dr. Bellows' execution of that prayer." What do you think of that? The *World* objects to the stage, and in the same breath, endorses a bit of advise to actors, which if followed, would surely render their performances doubly attractive. This is truly the astonishment of the season.

"Don't go to the theatre, dear people," says the *World*, "because it is wicked to do so. Messrs. Blake, Walcot, Jefferson, Smith, and Davenport, if you want to improve your acting, put more money in your pockets, and help send more souls to tophet just call round some Sunday and take a look at Dr. Bellows when making a prayer. You needn't mind the religion, or the moral part of his discourse, only observe his attitude, the roll of his eyes, the trembling of his voice, the quantity of his accent, the ebb and flow of his silvery tones, the sigh for mercy, the exulting shout of thanksgiving, and the sublime enunciation of his 'Amen!' Do come round won't you? Our folks can't go to see you, for you are sinners and low actors, but never mind that, you come and see our pulpit performer."

As we remarked in the beginning, oh! oh! For shame! Fie! Out upon such hypocritical trash! we refuse seeing any sense in it, and are satisfied to have Pecksniff call us wicked.

Political Motley.

The Republican nomination has produced an odd chromatological metamorphosis. Lincoln Green is now considered a Party-Color.

WHAT WE HAVE IN STORE FOR THE PEOPLE.

succession of excitements has occured during the past few months. First there was the news of the great Fight at Farnboro, then came the little Fight in Printing House square after that the ovation to the Japs, next the arrival of the Great Eastern and lastly the return of Conqueror Heenan esq. There were, it is true, a few lesser matters that received a fair amount of notice from the Public. Such as the Charlston, Chicago and Baltimore Conventions, the Fulton-Street Daily Prayer Meeting, the Rage of Boston because the Embassy declined seeing its rural Elephants (including the *Atlantic Monthly* and Mr Everett of the *Ledger*) at any price, the Comet, the Fourth of July, the Enright, the Worms in the Parks, the *World* newspaper, the Spingler Elopement, the Fourth Ward Trustees, the Hermit at Nixon's, the Hot Weather, the Bole, the Infant-Lambert, the What Is It? and so on; but these were over-shadowed by those first mentioned. May be the Prince of Wales will tend to keep our curiosity up when he comes here, but it is not yet certain that he will.

Now we know very well that people must have something to talk about, to read about, to run after, to gaze upon, to ovate, lionize and drive to the verge of distraction and back again, and that something must be got up expressly for this purpose, in the event of nothing turning up of its own accord. We are bound that the popular wish shall be gratified so far as lies in our power. If the Timbuctoo King refuses to send an embassy to this country, if the Prince of Wales won't snub Boston (likewise the *Atlantic Monthly* and Mr Everett of the *Ledger*) if the Spingler Institute won't improvise another elopement, why, then Vanity Fair will be most happy in providing for the general interest as follows.

We will procure and exhibit a deputation of Jerseymen to act as ambassadors from the Trenton Government to ours at Washington, or a pair of black tom cats, each four hundred feet in length, or a man of note who is not a Bostonian, or a bigger fool than Alderman—exactly!—or an uglier specimen of face than Abe Lincoln's or a more impudent politician than One Eye, or a set of greater block-heads than the Fourth Ward School Trustees, or a more envious crowd of folks than the Philadelphia crowd, or a vessel three barley corns larger than the Great Eastern, or a more disappointed man than Wm H. Seward, or a more dangerous ferry than Christopher-street ferry, or a prettier girl than any who go to Rev. Beecher's Church, or a more prolific dramatist than Dion B, or a more barefaced swindler than John E. Enright, or a more appropriate wearer of the white feather than Roger A. Pryor, or a animated jelly-cake, or an omnibus horse that never fell on the Russ, or a country clergyman whose congregation pay him as much salary as would keep five of their fast young men in cigars, or a dog with a sorrowful tail, or a Mormon who never had a wife, or a more modest man than Bennett suddenly became when he gave a fête champetre to the Japs, and said nothing about it in the *Herald*, or a winking mosquito, or an Irishman who is a politician, or a red rhinoceros, or something equally new, startling and absurd. When the time comes our curtain shall rise.

ANOTHER GRAND RECEPTION.

With all the festive vim of a decidedly great people, we have done the Japanese, are doing the Great Eastern, and, with a whetted appetite, are only waiting to do the Prince of Wales, whenever it shall please his Ma to send him to be did.

We must not however flatter ourselves that we have performed the whole duty of man. Great ends are yet to be achieved, and great men to be received. The American Eagle must have room to spread itself. Shall the British Lion exult alone over its great? Shall a bloated British aristocracy shower gold and build images of silver, life size, to its Sayers unrebuked? (Vide European News by the Adriatic; *Herald* 1st inst.) No! Let our citizens in every part of the world feel that distinguishing themselves abroad is equivalent to distinction at home. With this view before us we call upon Americans to stand ready, and after having done fistic honor in accordance with the programme in another column, to John C. Heenan, the half-shell representative of the boisterous, clamorous, and muscular governing classes, let them turn their attention to another countryman.—Eli Boggs.

From the China *Chronicle* of April 12th, published at Whampoa we take some record of the illustrious Boggs, our eminent fellow citizen who is so soon to be among us.

Eli Boggs, the notorious Yankee pirate, whose late career is well known to our readers, and who was sentenced to imprisonment for life, in lieu of hanging, for murder, rapine and violence, is to be liberated. His freedom has been obtained through the intercession of the American Consul. He will be sent to America by the first ship the captain of which is willing to take him. One, we are told, declined the honor of accepting so worthy a passenger. It is said that illness has greatly borne him down, and it was expected he would not have lived another six months if kept in prison.

Shall Boggs come unreceived? Are we so lost to our dignity as not to recognize native talent in whatever line it may develope? Here we have the embodiment of a spirit that has sought conquest even under the heats of an East Indian Sun, which has levied tribute from John Chinaman, and made even the British Lion to tremble for his trading boats. Shall he be suffered to land upon his native soil, unhonored and unsung? Forbid it, Spirit of Seventy Six! Forbid it, ye advocates of the extension of the area of Freedom! Let it never be said in the long future that the fame of America was extended to the China Seas, and that its extender returned to his native land without a reception. Let Boole be immediately formed into a committee to receive Eli Boggs.

INCONSISTENT ALREADY.

It may or may not be remembered by our readers, that the *World* newspaper set out on its "venerable career," as Mr. Edward Everett would say, with a firm resolution to be tremendously honest. It was going to have a good assortment of first-class principles, and had engaged a member of the Young Men's Christian Association expressly to do the conscience part of the business. Indeed, we have heard that it could not afford a Conscience Editor and a proof-reader too, so, with extraordinary morality, it preferred the former, and let the latter ignominiously slide.

If we recollect—and we think we do—the *World* declared, in its initial number, that:

"The first business of every press is to be true to itself—true to its own conscience. It must have a conscience, or else not have a character; and if no character, no influence."

We now intend to convict the *World* out of its own mouth, and thus to prove it a journal without character or influence!

Gentlemen of the *World*, we have a strange habit, quite unknown to you, of paying very good prices for very good matter—two institutions of which you seem painfully ignorant. We have, also, a prejudice in favor of the belief that when we pay for anything, it is our property. Many pious people do not entertain this faith, but we do, without laying claim to any especial piety above that of good works.

Well, we buy jokes, and squibs, among other matter, and fancy that they are our own. They are written expressly for us and paid for by our munificent and lordly publisher. But the *World* doesn't see it. The *World* quietly nips our little innocent jokes, and never even has the fairness to put "Vanity Fair" after them as credit.

Where is your "conscience," gentlemen of the *World*? Why are you not "true to it," as you said it was "the business of every press" to be? It is ghastly to see any attempt whatever at mirthfulness, in a paper like yours, but when you deliberately steal our squibs, without even a word to show whence you stole them we object, on the very same grounds laid down by yourselves, concerning the necessity of conscience to character, and character to influence. *World*, you are a pious old humbug, and we do not believe in you at all. We commend you to examine a certain antique book, now in our possession, which, in a portion called Exodus, gives the following advice, twentieth chapter, fifteenth verse, commonly called the Eighth Commandment:

"Thou shalt not steal."

SUMMER SOLITUDE IN NEW YORK.

No. 1.

Lone Man.—"THAT BOOT'S FINISHED, IS IT?—WELL, NEVER MIND THE OTHER; THE *Herald* SAYS THAT THERE IS NOBODY IN TOWN."

THE GREAT EASTERN.

OPINIONS OF "THE UNDERSIGNED."

I have been to see the Great Eastern.

One fine morning last week, THE AMBROSIAL and THE UNDERSIGNED did procure reporters' passes, and did take a Bleecker-street stage, for the purpose of lending their countenances to that comely aquatic monument of skill and taste, the Big Ship.

There were three young women and two men in the stage, beside us, and I could not help feeling somehow, as if they too were going to see the Great Eastern. In fact, I felt as if "all the world, if not "the rest of mankind," (vide old ZACK) were going to see the Great Eastern. But when the omnibus (I hate omnibuses) stopped at the corner of Hammond-street, and the driver shouted through the pay-hole, "Anybody for the Great Eastern?" I found that THE AMBROSIAL and myself were the only ones who alighted.

The others pursued their way in absurd apathy, as if the Triumph of Mind over Matter were of no consequence and the Great Eastern were not at the foot of Hammond-street. As we approached that henceforth classic haven, we descried tall spars, making themselves loftily conspicuous above the sheds, tents, and booths that infest the vacant lots thereabout. Both of us began to commence to prepare to get ready to become enthusiastic. The flush of excitement glowed upon our manly cheeks, and our willing note-books were sought by tremulous hands.

We threaded our devious way through the crowd of unwashed persons who try to sell lemonade, peaches, and lager-bier from ricketty impromptu tables, and saw a long, long, long, long black hull, striped with white, surmounted by many masts and smoke-stacks, lying in unconscious majesty and twenty-seven feet of water, at the end of the dock.

We smothered our feelings and showed our passes, on which we were permitted to enter the vessel through a square gangway near the stern. At the foot of the stairs that led to the deck, was a turnstile, through which I was unceremoniously shoved by a man with buttons. THE AMBROSIAL, on the contrary, was seized by another man—an elderly nautical person—and smuggled through a side entrance, where he had to leave his autograph in a book, for some reasons unknown.

This mysterious operation over, we rejoined each other, and went up on deck.

It was wide. It was long. It was spacious. It suggested promenades and quadrilles. The G. E. would be a splendid craft for moonlight excursions around Staten Island, such as I used to enjoy on the *Thomas Hunt*. There wasn't room on the *Hunt's* decks, I remember, for ALICE and me to waltz, but there would be, here.

THE AMBROSIAL, fired with marine enthusiasm, mounted the raised platform where the steering apparatus was, and I followed. There were many large wheels, and many large compasses, which we examined closely. Not much variety about them. The wheels were all alike, and the compass-needles all pointed one way. I remarked this, and THE AMBROSIAL, whose father is a jolly Ancient Mariner, chid me hilariously for my ignorance of that useful but impassive instrument, the compass. Then we leaned over the taff-rail, and looked away down the sheer depth of iron wall, to the water, far below.

"For the first time," observed my friend, "I realize where I am. This," he added, solemnly, "is the Great Eastern!"

"Yes," I replied, "and this is the Great Stern."

We then journeyed forward, over the vast prairie of deck, stopping to glance at the smiling villages of houses for the accommodation of the donkey-engine, the officers, and such. One of these, the captain's house, I believe, we looked into, and found it charming. It had an elegant parlor, with polished grate, marble mantel, mirrors, pictures, carpet, clock, sideboard—the luxuries of the sea and the season, in fact. A nice, cosey little bedroom adjoined, wherein sat a handsome, gentlemanly person, with buttons. I fancied him to be Captain J. VINE HALL, and no doubt he was all my fancy painted him. I was glad he was good-looking. The G. E. deserves a good-looking captain.

Ascending to the top of what THE AMBROSIAL called the "starbud" paddlebox, we had an excellent view of the whole vast bulk—the expansive deck—the long rows of large boats hanging on each side—the lofty masts and chimneys above—the long lines of the bow, stretching far into the South and the long lines of the stern, stretching far into the North. We were particularly struck with the symmetry and grace of these lines. Notwithstanding the enormous size of the ship, she as light, as elegant, and as graceful as a sea-nymph, or the pretty GALE sisters in a pas de deux. And that is saying a good deal. She seems wonderously strong and staunch, too, but I say, if she *should* be wrecked, what a tremendous wreck she would make, eh?

After a visit to the extreme tip of her nose, we returned and went below, to the First Dining Saloon, a plain neat hall, where a very fair brass band were discoursing very solemn music. Here also were several enterprising gentlemen who had no end of "Great Eastern Waltzes," and "Great Eastern Polkas," for sale, each ornamented with a highly-colored lithographic titlepage, very unlike the Great Eastern. Thence we visited the Grand Saloon, a beautiful and orientally-luxurious place, with large mirrors, gold-figured paper, arabesque paintings, soft carpets, chandeliers, and rich furniture. It was splendid. It was gorgeous. It was thundering comfortable.

So were the staterooms, at the sides of this saloon. Nice little rooms, with four or six berths, wide and reposeful—tables—nice washstands—long velvet-cushioned sofas, and everything as neat as a pin. I wouldn't be one particle disgusted, if the Directors were to offer one of those staterooms to THE AMBROSIAL and THE UNDERSIGNED for an excursion somewhere.

Leaving these delights, we braved a narrow and tortuous stairway to the Engine Room. Here were enormous masses of iron, some polished and some painted green Great wheels, and shafts, and cylinders, and screws, and bolts, and couplings—ponderous affairs, which under certain circumstances, would materially assist in producing the tremendous wreck I have mentioned. If those iron things got to sloshing around loose, I should desire to be set on shore immediately. THE AMBROSIAL hazarded the opinion that the engine was a Big Thing, and I thought that was About the Size of It. When we had satisfied our curiosity and got a good deal of grease on our hands from the stair-rails, we went forward again, and penetrated into the bowels of the leviathan, down five pairs of stairs. Each story grew lower and more dismal, like the stories in the Sunday papers, till the last, which was dark, and smelt pungently of tarred oakum—a scent which rendered THE AMBROSIAL aquatically gleeful again, reminding him, as it did, of a certain semi-marine loft in the house of his father, the Ancient Mariner, wherein were stored the nautical properties of that pleasant Gentleman.

We had now about exhausted the charms of the G. E., and began to feel tired, so we took a last lingering look around, and departed through another square gangway, near the bow. From the shore, the G. E. presents a very striking view, calculated, as the reporters say, to excite mingled feelings of admiration and awe. I wish, however, that somebody would paint her chimneys a better color. They are now of a faded cream tint, like a new meerschaum. Perhaps, like that, they will require a color when they have been smoked more.

In conclusion, my opinion of this vessel may be stated in the words of many advertisements She is "a new and commodious steamer," and I am

The Undersigned.

SABBATARIAN GRAMMAR.

HAVING been rendered idiotic by the perusal of a letter, published in one of the heavy dailies, we must be pardoned if we make some idiotic remarks thereon.

As nearly as we can make out, somebody has been annoyed by a concert-saloon performance near his house, and wants the heavy daily before mentioned, to do something. But behold the extraordinary manner in which this somebody goes about the task of letting the World know these facts! He begins a long way off, and stumbles toward the mark in this a fshion:

"I read with great interest your praiseworthy endeavor to resist, by the influence of your excellent journal, the attempts being made to desecrate the comforts of a quiet, well ordered Sabbath, by the introduction of those offensive concerts,—the glaring light of cigar and other stores—kept open in defiance of the laws."

Why "the glaring light of cigar and other stores" should be designated as those offensive contion" of lights, alone, l ordered Sabbath" readers, but we have

certs," rather puzzles us. How the "introd can "desecrate the comforts of a quiet, too, may be a problem to some of our san not sufficient reason left to explain it.

Our Sphynx-like and Eleusinian Sabbat keeper goes on to become more explicit, though hardly more luc:—

". . . . . feeling that our views on the point are ely agreeing, I beg to call your attention to the "New —— hall," in Broadway, r Bleecker street, hitherto known as —— hall, and has been used for political meeti . But judge of the offence to myself and family, upon returning from church la Sunday evening, to hear the clash of noisy instruments, and the screaming, in loud female voice—some ballad, I suppose; for I immediately closed my "hous ears," and went to the front rooms, feeling more discomposed than I can expl , and could not retire to rest till it ceased.

The construction of that first sentence d es competition. He begs to call the editor's attention to the New —— hall, and has been used for political meetings! We are re y very glad to hear it, though we are not quite sure what it is e have heard. His second sentence is plainer. We are to judge the offence to himself and family, upon returning from church hear the clash of noisy instruments, etc. Why did he return o hear said clash, then? And, if not impertinent, might we ing re what the offence is, of which we are to judge?

It may not be very clear, either, that co ection between his closing his "house's ears," and his supposition hat the screaming in a loud female voice was "some ballad," but is evidently satisfied with it, so we cannot object. Still, we must say that this clause does not render us the least assistance in dging of the offence to himself and family. Perhaps we shall get ore light—a whole "concert" of "glaring light," it may be—from next statement:—

"The nuisance continues nightly till 12 o'clock, and th windows open; and, by the advertisment, it is to be extensively carried out. will seriously interfere with the peace and quiet of many families, for it embrace large square of ground, and the houses cannot avoid hearing the loud music and ging."

Ah! The nuisance continues till midnight "and the windows open". Of course the windows open. They all made so as to open, now-a-days. "And by the advertisment, will be extensively carried out." Does this refer to the ballad, he opening of the windows, the advertisement, or—lucky thought!—to the nuisance? There is no positive internal evidence that it does *not* refer to the nuisance, so we shall believe it does, for the present. We wish, however, that this writer had been a little more circumspect in his treatment of the word "and." We fancied, from the first, that he would get into difficulty with it, and now we see that it has bothered him a good deal more than the performances in the "New —— hall and has been used for political meetings."

Taking it for granted that the nuisance is referred to, we find that "it embraces a large square of ground, *and* the houses cannot avoid hearing the loud music *and* singing." Verily! We have ears, then, at last! Arr-ears perhaps. In the language of builders, a chimney, a tower, a wall, or even a whole house, may Cant, as effectually as this gentle and ungrammatical Sabbatarian, but we hardly imagined that such canting could be heard by any other house, even though it were an Auricular Hospital.

We have no heart to copy the end of this letter, and the weather is too hot for affairs of honor, or we should demand an immediate explanation on behalf of the English Language—an institution that has done us many kind services before now. In conclusion, however, we must insist upon this gentleman's closer observance of his principles. As he evidently considers the Sabbath a day for total peace and silence, so far as possible, let him hereafter keep as silent about it as he possibly can.

HOW WE MEAN TO DO IT.

We have always emphatically declared that we were not above receiving instruction; for what saith the wise man of old? "Thou art never too ancient to listen unto the words of wisdom."

With this great guiding star for our faith, we have been watching with anxious eyes, the course of the Trustees appointed to erect a monument in Independence Square, Philadelphia. We knew from the first that these gentlemen would do something, and they have gone and been and done it. After having wisely concluded beforehand how much the monument shall cost, they have, with a financial acumen, beyond praise, laid down the law concerning the amount each state shall contribute. New York is mulcted in the sum of $50,490, while Pennsylvania pays only $38,250. Massachusetts must fork over $10,830, while New Jersey is let off with $7,650. Not content with laying down the law as to the sum required, our financiers also imperatively name the day on which it must be paid; one fourth on July 1st, 1861, the balance in three equal instalments on the first day of each succeeding year.

Now *that* we hold to be emphatically the way to do it; and, further, we declare it to be our intention to do likewise. For many months we have felt that the growing importance of our journal required room in which to swell. In plain terms we want an office, a new office. The *Times*, the *World*, the *Daily News*, and various other obscure sheets, revel in brown stone, white marble and architectural iron; why should not we? To that end we would inform the different states and cities—without caring whether they are the original Jacobs or no—that we have concluded on the cost of our new building, and apportion the amounts among them as follows: Philadelphia, which by the consolidation takes in rather more than three quarters of the state, $22,847; Virginia, exclusive of Roger A. Pryor, $12,912; Massachusetts, exclusive of Boston, which we mean to tax at a small percentage on its own valuation, $6,534. We flatter ourselves that we shall make rather a good thing out of Boston. New Jersey—wanting the cultivation which we only can impart—$45 789. Beyond these items we shall proceed no farther at present, but wait until the sums we need have been paid in. In our judgment the money will be required in the following instalments, and we call for them in this order: One-fourth, on the 1st day of August next, and the remaining three-fourths as soon as possible after. The design and location of our new office is not yet settled on, but that need not deter those mentioned above from immediately sending on the funds.

We earnestly hope that our way of doing it will please Philadelphia and induce her to immediately respond. There is no higher compliment to pay genius than to copy its works.

In a Tight Place.

Our Tammany reporter informs us that some desperate attempts were made recently in the old Wigwam to read Wood out of the Democratic Party, but that they failed in consequence of the leading officials being unable to *read*—a circumstance which compelled them to leave Fernando in for a Spell.

We Think So.

Mrs. John Wood's photograph ought to be good, for she takes Well everywhere.

VANITY FAIR.

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603 & 605 CHESTNUT STREET,
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Of the finest fabrics and most fashionable make.

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FRENCH'S CONICAL WASHING MACHINE.

Price only Ten Dollars.

One woman, with this simple, compact, durable, portable, efficient, and economical machine, can easily and perfectly do the washing of an ordinary family before breakfast.

This is the only machine that will wash all kinds of clothes perfectly without injury. It has been tested in the laundry of French's Hotel and elsewhere, with all other washing machines making any pretensions to novelty, and has, in many instances, performed its work in less than half the time required by any other, and much more thoroughly and satisfactorily.

It will wash a single handkerchief, collar, lace sleeve, six shirts, or all of these articles together, without the necessity of soaking or boiling.

These results are produced by the constant reaction of the suds, and not by friction of rubbing surfaces. It is admirably adapted for introduction into houses with stationary tubs, as it may be enclosed and connected with the waste and water pipes, and will make an important feature in houses "with all the modern improvements."

In Families, Laundries, Hotels, Boarding-houses, Hospitals, Asylums, Boarding-schools, on Ships and Steamers, and in the Army, it will be found unequalled and indispensable.

This machine may be seen in operation at the laundry of French's Hotel, and at the depot, No. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal-street.

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"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

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Our exchange list has become so large that we shall be obliged to curtail it. Those who desire an exchange will please insert the above Special Notice and Terms three times, and send marked copies to this office, upon receipt of which we will forward the paper for One Year. No others will be noticed.

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